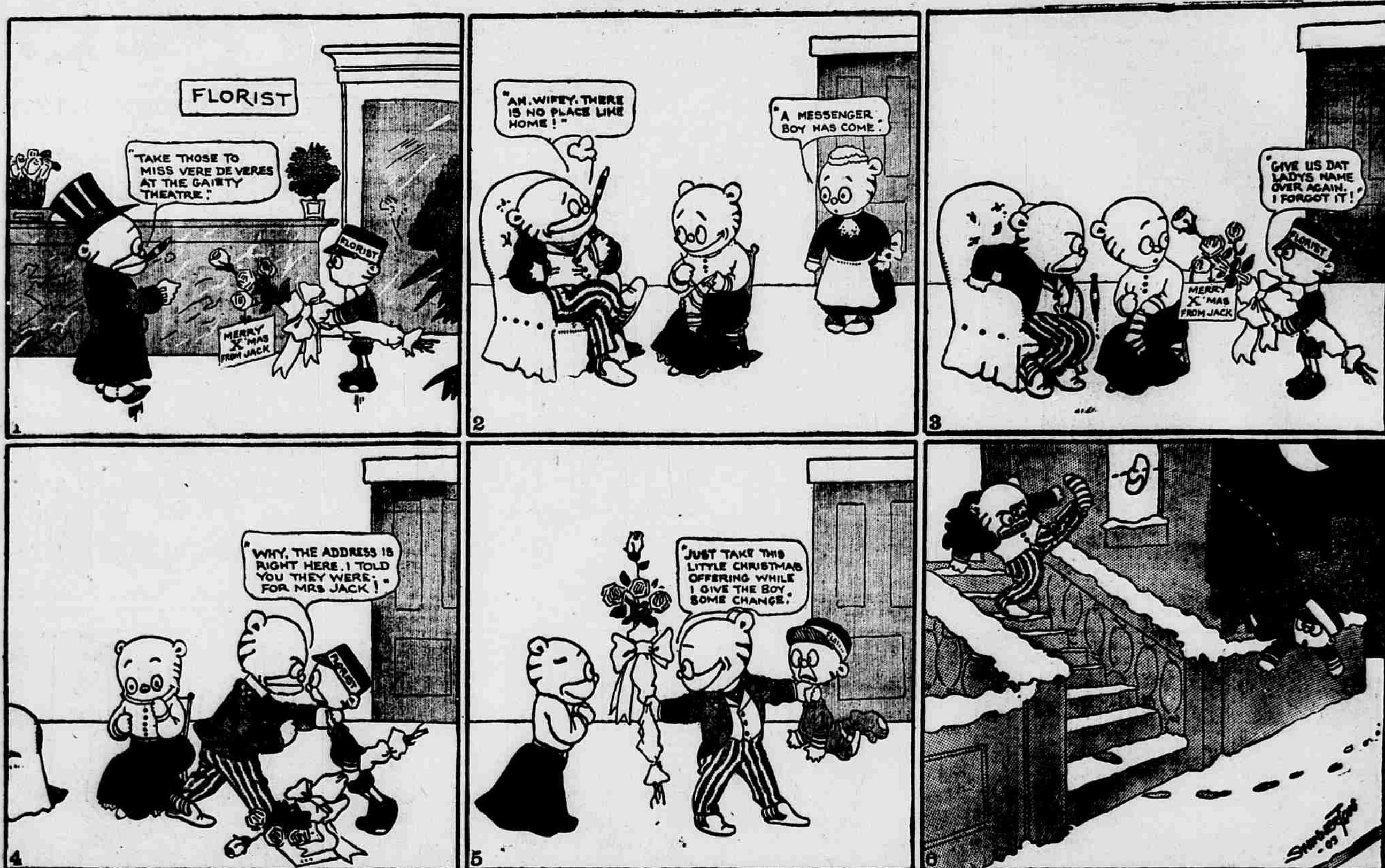


MR. JACK!

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WIT AND HUMOR FROM EVERYWHERE.



AT THE BEAUX-ARTS.

M. Geroms (member of the Institut): "What do I think of your drawing, made-moiselle? I think of your father's socks, which perhaps need your care!"—Indiscrete.

Female View.
Sentimental Wife (reading from a novel): "And, clasping the beautiful girl to his heart, the hero pressed his burning lips to her snowy brow."
Practical Husband: "Yes, and I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut he'll be down with pneumonia in the next chapter."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Common Mistake.
Hubby: "Did you read about a woman who married one man, thinking he was another?"
Wife: "That's nothing. Lots of women do the same thing every day in the week."—Boston Globe.

Sure to Win.
"You have had some experience with the fair sex," said the inexperienced youth who had been flitted. "How is the best way to get around a girl?"
"With your arms," tersely replied the old-timer.

Average Murder Trial.
Friend: "You don't expect to get that murderer off, do you?"
Great Lawyer: "Certainly."
"Why, sir, the evidence against him is complete. He has been a thief and a thug all his life, and in fact is notorious as the worst man in the city."
"That's it—that's it. His record is so bad that I can easily prove him insane."—New York Weekly.

Lack of Judgment.
"Was you really plannin' to run away with the hired girl?" asked the old farmer disgustedly.
"That's what I was thinkin' of doin'," admitted his son.
"Ah! you got any sense at all?" demanded the old man. "Don't you know that hired girls is harder to get than daughters-in-law?"—Chicago Post.

The Last Straw.
Emberzler's Wife: "You are a thief and a criminal. Never speak to me again."
Emberzler: "But I stole it all for your sake."
Emberzler's Wife: "Yes, but didn't you go and give it all back again?"

Home Threat.
Smith: "I wonder why your friend Fletcher got mad last night when I asked him to take a drink?"
Jones: "How did you put the invitation?"
Smith: "Why, I merely said: 'Fletcher, won't you take something?'"
Jones: "That explains it. You see, he's a kleptomaniac, and he doubtless thought you were getting too personal."—Chicago News.

A Certain Significance.
"Do you regard money as the supreme test of success?" asked the man with the artistic temperament.
"No," answered the practical person; "but the absence of it is a pretty sure sign of failure."—Washington Star.

None but the Brave.
Spartacus: "Women are a great incentive to many a courage."
Smarticus: "That's right. Since I've been married and had a few tiffs with my wife, the prospect of a scrap with the meanest man on earth seems like mere child's play to me."—Baltimore American.

Modern Fagittles.
Bottom: "Why did the negotiations fall through?"
Loosen: "The fighters could not agree on a name for the new punches invented."—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Ingenuous.
"What is that you have under your arm, neighbor? A cat? Why do you carry a cat about?"
"Well, you see, my dachshund won't follow me unless I carry the cat!"—Pittsburgh Courier.

Not for Him.
Uncle John: "So you're going to school now. And do you love your teacher?"
Willie (aged 7): "Oh, pawaw! She's too old for me!"—Philadelphia Ledger.



GAVE HERSELF AWAY.

"When did they discover that the burglar was a woman?"
"When she looked in the glass to see if her mask was on straight."—Judy.

Her Dear Friend.
Trene (at the party): "Miss Garlinghouse is the best-dressed young woman here."
Mabel: "Yes; I never saw the dear girl looking quite so well as she does this evening. If she would file her elbows off a little, she would look almost plump."

Difference of Opinion.
"You say I am extravagant! Why, you know I don't have half the things I want."
"I call you extravagant, my dear, because you don't want half the things you have."



AN EASY WAY TO CATCH A LION.

—From Megendorfer Blatter.

Giving Her Time.
"I will give you my answer in a month, Pat."
"That's right, my darling, take plenty of time to think it over. But tell me one thing now—will it be yes or no?"

A Wise Foreboding.
Mr. Jones: "Why are you removing the parrot from the room, my dear?"
Mrs. Jones: "Well, it's a young bird, just learning to talk, and I thought it best to keep it out of the way while you are laying the carpet."

Her Trouble.
Mr. Impetuous: "Mary, I have brought you home a little book on 'How to Cook.'"
Mrs. Impetuous (sarcastically): "My dear, thanks, but what I need more is a book on what to cook."—San Antonio Express.

Probably True.
Mother: "Tommy, stop asking your mother so many questions. Don't you ever annoy him?"
Tommy: "Why, mother, it's not the questions that annoy him, it's the answers he can't answer them."

The Better Way.
"Sure, an' I hate to be lavin' Den-nin'." "Ach, Nora, me darlint, I can't operation. If we must part 'gither."—Kansas City Journal.

Right and Left.
"I see your former landlord is advertising your old house for rent at a low figure to the right party."
"Well, the right party will never rent that old rattletrap."
"Not?"
"No; any party who rented it would be left."—Philadelphia Press.

He States What He Knows.
Sunday-School Teacher: "Can you tell me the story of the prodigal son?"
Street Arab (recently gathered in): "He was do block what blew in all his just an' den went home an' laid down on his old man."

Working at Ocean Purposes.
"This commercial struggle is terrible," said the man who takes everything he reads seriously.
"What's the trouble?"
"The patent food people are trying to make everybody so healthy that there will be no one left for the patent medicine people to cure."—Washington Star.

No Taste in Pictures.
Kitty: "Harry Dix says you are pretty as a picture."
Cura: "Nonsense! He didn't mean it!"
Kitty: "Oh, yes, he did. But, of course, you know Harry's taste in pictures isn't anything to brag about."—Pittsburgh Courier.



AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.

Willie: "Oh, mummy, do look at that man's legs. They are put on too far behind!"—Scraps.



FIDO.

"I wonder which is 'is' head and which is 'is' tail?"
"I dunno. Finch 'em, and see which end of 'em barks."—Ally Sloper.